

On the bombing of the old Dutch city of Nijmegen on February 22, 1944

By Jan Kellendonk, March 2024



**I'm leafing through a tattered book
with pictures of the war
Imagine bombs as they hit ground
with devastating roar
Where Charlemagne resided once
is now without a heart
The eighty years that passed by now
made it a thing of yore?**

**A woman, barely twenty years
survived the deadly blow
Went home, from where she worked that day
passed roof beams hot aglow
Walked over corpses lying there
Is it a thing of yore?
It never left her memory
I am her son, I know**